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THE FEELING OF FAILURE
—John C. Cort

THE

Commonweal

Now the Neutron Bomb?

Emerging National Debate

by Ronald Steel

Independence, Like It or Not

The Caribbean Island of Nevis

by James Rorty

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR . . . . . by Richard Gilman
MINERVA AT CANOSSA: A POEM . . . . . by John Fandel
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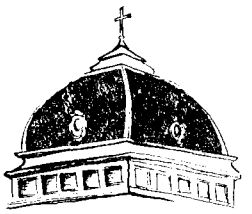

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THE COMMONWEAL
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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

GOD AND THE COLD WAR

IN RECENT weeks *National Review* and its editor, William Buckley, have been berated in solemn, not to say portentous, tones, in a number of publications, for editorial statements about *Mater et Magistra*. To one critic Mr. Buckley pointed out indignantly and accurately that the editorial judgment of the magazine represented not his view alone but that of the editorial board, which was made up of Catholics, Protestants and Jews. His acceptance of the encyclical, he suggested, was not in question, nor was his loyalty to the Church. The only legitimate target for criticism was the professional competence of the editorial board in dealing with the relation between Catholicism and socio-political matters, and this the magazine was prepared to defend.

Almost providentially, *National Review* published at this time an article which concerned itself with Catholicism, an article against which one could measure the editorial competence of *National Review* in this area. The article was not only written by one of the editors of the *Review*, but was described by the magazine as a "meticulous report" on the "submission of many American Catholic writers, clerical and lay, and such representative Catholic magazines as *America* and *Commonweal*, to the secular imperatives of the Liberal Line." The title of the article, "Can a Catholic Be a Liberal?", is one of those weary questions which once held interest but to which history has provided a definitive answer. It clearly belongs in the dust bin with questions like "Can a Catholic be President?" or "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" But the article itself was not so prosaic; indeed, it contained some startlingly original concepts.

The article is less an attack on The Commonweal than on *America*, less an attack on *America* than on Father George Dunne, S.J., and less an attack on him than on a single article of his. But Father Dunne's article is held up by the author as an extreme example of "the dominant strain of articulate Catholic opinion in the United States," well represented by "*America* and her secular sister, *Commonweal*."

AFTER A close misreading of Father Dunne's text the author arrives at the "truth . . . which one would rather be hearing from a Catholic priest than telling him." The exposition of this truth is so unbelievably misguided that only lengthy quotations can convey its full impact. In the following quotation the italics are the author's:

"God is involved in the Cold War; but more to the point: *God's civilization* is involved. The West makes this claim over against the rest of the world: *that it has been vouchsafed the truth about the nature of man and his relationship to the universe, and has been commissioned to construct and preserve an earthly city based on this truth*. True, the West may be exercising its commission badly: what it actually builds may reflect the truth imperfectly, or even not at all. But the standards of perfection are the standards of the West. The ideals toward which any earthly construct should aspire are the West's ideals. The virtue of a social structure cannot be known by any other measure. And so the West asserts a God-given right, and thinks of it as a God-imposed duty, to conserve and spread *its* truth, to judge political and economic and social systems according to *its* lights, to change and improve them under *its* authority."

To speak of the West as God's civilization is almost blasphemous, or words have lost their meaning. It is useless to ask if Hitler's Germany was part of God's civilization and India or South Africa not; if all past civilizations which have risen

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and fallen were not also God's. For this author has mistaken the West for the Church. It is the Church which has been vouchsafed the truth about the nature and destiny of man, and the Church will ride the raging tides of history and survive whether the West does or not. The Church is not the West and the West is not the Church.

The West has no divine commission to impose itself upon the rest of the world. To try to justify such action in the name of religion is dangerous and foolish. The kingdom which Christ promised is not of this world and, as He told the Roman authorities, He does not rely on secular means to bring about its fulfillment.

To assert these truths is not to desert the West or the Judeo-Christian tradition which is part of our heritage. Clearly we have inherited from those who have preceded us a culture, a civilization, of high value and great merit. We have a human obligation to perfect and transmit this as best we can, and in order to do so we need deep moral energy and dedication. Christians will find a source of this energy and profound reason for the dedication in Christianity. And in the struggle to maintain and transmit to successive generations those things of great value they will oppose and fight what is hostile and harmful to them. In our time this necessarily involves a continual and unrelenting opposition to Communism.

We cannot however enlist God as the Supreme Commander of our material forces behind Whom we march in holy warfare, justifying our every action in His name. This is hopelessly to confuse the sacral and the secular order. The vocation of the Churches, as Father Wiegel wrote recently in *Worldview,* is to "speak of the divine, the moral and the spiritual. They seek for the salvation of man in terms of transcendence of the secular. The secular as such is not their proper object of concern. They look beyond it. Of course they have much to say on how a man should behave in his secular life, but they do not give their counsels and commands out of any obligation to the secular order. They talk to man, who lives inevitably in secular society, about how to keep himself sacrally sound even while he is enmeshed in the secular world."

It is submitted that the editorial judgment which can describe an article which so confuses the West and the Church, the sacral and the secular, as "a meticulous report" is wanting. It is submitted that it is quite in keeping with the editorial judgment that could describe *Mater et Magistra* as a "venture in triviality."

BERLIN: TOWARD NEGOTIATION

IS THERE "the smell of war in Europe"? Prime Minister Nehru of India said recently that he detected it, and no doubt a real danger of war lurks in the gun barrels of the troops and tanks that confront one another across the barricades in Berlin. But obviously nobody wants war over Berlin, and clearly nobody expects it.

The first cautious movements toward East-West negotiations have finally begun, and it is to be hoped that both sides now feel they have amply demonstrated their toughness in the face of pressure. For this is where the real danger of war has always lain—not in the deliberate intentions of either Mr. Khrushchev or the Western leaders, but in a fatal error of judgment, a miscalculation, an accident.

As the Soviets and the Allies prepare for the inevitable confrontation—inevitable, that is, except for the always possible fluke of circumstance—both sides may look with some satisfaction on what has happened thus far in Berlin. Premier Khrushchev may rejoice in the fact that he has again been able to turn a crisis on or off at his own pleasure and convenience. He was able to push the Berlin button as he has so many times in the past and produce instant uproar in Western capitals.

Furthermore, with the Twenty-second Communist Party World Congress coming up in a matter of weeks, Mr. Khrushchev has exhibited for the benefit of his Communist colleagues and rivals his skill and mastery in dealing with the West. By the time of the Congress he will no doubt have succeeded in bringing the West to the conference table to adjust some of the elements in the Berlin situation that are most offensive to him.

Particularly, the Soviet Premier has drawn East Germany firmly—not to say brutally—inside the Communist bloc. He has, albeit at some cost, stopped the embarrassing and economically disastrous flow of East German refugees into West Berlin. He has forced the West to recognize in fact if not in word his complete control over the East German borders. And if he chooses now to declare the "sovereignty" of the East German puppet state, there is obviously nothing the West can do to prevent it.

But the Western nations no doubt feel that they too can approach the bargaining table with good grace. It is true that the Allies were once again placed on the defensive by the Soviet moves in Berlin, but the alliance has managed to come through the war of nerves essentially intact even if

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somewhat battered. President Kennedy has apparently convinced the Soviet leader—and others in the Western camp—that the United States will under no circumstances yield its rights of access to Berlin. He has succeeded in communicating a sense of urgency and responsibility to the American people and the American Congress, and won approval of the conventional arms build-up so long and so desperately needed. This will permit the retirement of the useless doctrine of "massive retaliation," the all-or-nothing defense strategy which offered no alternatives to Communist pressures except nuclear holocaust or surrender.

At the same time, Mr. Kennedy's hard line has not misled either the Allies or Mr. Khrushchev into thinking that the U.S. would refuse to negotiate the issues in Berlin. The Western alliance has been held together, and the Soviets have been shown a stand which is both firmer and more realistic than U.S. responses to past Communist probes.

The image of the United States throughout the world has been to this extent improved, and likewise our influence among the other Western powers. Moreover, the spectacle of an exodus of refugees from a Communist paradise and the recourse of the Communists to barbed wire and guns to restrain their own people must cost the Soviets dearly in terms of world opinion.

Both the Communists and the West have taken large risks in Berlin. The worst has not happened, and now both appear ready to begin the hard work of diplomacy. The Communists have a strong hand in the bargaining that must follow, but the position of the West is at least better than it was some months ago. Since neither side wishes the struggle over Berlin to turn into armed conflict, the negotiations should succeed in reducing if not removing the danger of war that still exists.

The greatest threats to a political solution of the issues in Berlin, therefore, lie not so much in the situation itself but in the possibility of accident —the enlargement of an explosive incident along the border, perhaps—or in extraneous factors—such as the recklessness of German campaign oratory, internal pressures on Premier Khrushchev to bring a Berlin trophy to the October Party Congress, the effect of right-wing resistance to negotiation in the American Congress, on the grounds that it is "appeasement" or "softness toward Communism."

We believe that negotiation is the best solution in Berlin, that the West's position there can be improved by it, that it is to the obvious best interest of all concerned, and of the whole world, to reach a settlement of the issues in Berlin by peaceful means. We trust that Mr. Nehru is wrong about "the smell of war in Europe." We think he will be proved wrong—unless, as is still possible, the situation is blown up completely by an unlucky accident, or by irresponsibility in Bonn, on the campaign platform in Berlin, or on Capitol Hill in Washington.

AGREEMENT AT AMERICAN MOTORS

IF CERTAIN understandings sought by the company about work practices can be reached at local plants, American Motors and the United Auto Workers will have succeeded in concluding a remarkable new labor agreement. For the first time in that major industry there is a provision for profit-sharing on the workers' part. This will not take the form of cash payments but is to be utilized to secure increased important fringe benefits: to pay the worker's contribution to his hospital-medical insurance, extend unemployment benefits from twenty-six to fifty-two weeks and raise both retirement pensions and the benefits available when production is curtailed by company resort to shorter work weeks.

In some ways the provision for distribution of company stock among the workers is even more notable—the five per cent of "pre-tax profit" set aside for purchase of the company stock for the workers would have brought each worker nine shares of American Motors if the new arrangements had been in force during the company's past fiscal year. Annual wage increases and quarterly adjustments for rises in the cost of living are to continue as before throughout the new three-year contract. Both Walter Reuther of the U.A.W. and Vice-President Cushman of American Motors affirm that the new agreement is non-inflationary.

Besides the precedents it sets for the long-time conduct of the nation's automobile industry, this contract has imposing immediate effects. The terms were announced when U.A.W. negotiations with the Big Three auto-makers were actually in progress. And it was a strategic moment. Faced with slackening demand for their 1961 models, the big companies have cut production and concentrated on reducing stocks of unsold cars in the hands of local dealers. They therefore have been counting heavily in an upsurge of demand—for the new models which are now going into production. A major strike in this important buying season would have calamitous effects.

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The gains made by the workers at American Motors may not be exactly paralleled in the agreements sought of the larger auto companies. It is unlikely that the profit-sharing and stock ownership features of the A.M.C. contract will have a place. But the Big Three auto workers will hardly be satisfied now unless the terms suggested by the companies become substantially better than what they first offered.

The auto industry is a highly seasonal operation which has geared employment too rigidly to immediate demand, and many auto workers have been left simply to fend for themselves during long months of idleness. The various cushions provided in the American Motors contract offer a new degree of worker security. The agreement implicitly recognizes greater responsibility on the part of the company for its workers' livelihood during the inevitable slack periods. Likewise, profit-sharing and stock ownership give the workers a greater stake in the success of their enterprise. Eventually, voting rights may be included with employee shares. In any case the manufacturers of the Rambler and the United Auto Workers have reached an estimable general agreement which involves a welcome extension of corporate responsibility and of the worker's stake in his company's success.

RESIGNATION OF PRESIDENT QUADROS

FOR MANY of us Brazil is a vast and mysterious land with great untapped natural resources and a series of problems of considerable scope. By far the largest nation in Latin America, it has often been singled out, the way India has, as a potential demonstration ground for effective democratic methods of attacking the poverty, ill-health, illiteracy and unproductiveness that most of the world's underdeveloped countries have to contend with. Brazil has obviously been slated for a leading role in the Alliance for Progress and has continued to be one of the foremost recipients of U.S. aid.

Politics in Brazil has proved to be especially puzzling in recent years. When Janio Quadros left for Europe shortly after his election as President by a record popular vote, and remained out of sight almost to the eve of his accession, it was somewhat disquieting. And now that he has suddenly resigned after seven months in office, we are reminded that Senhor Goulart, who is scheduled to succeed him by Brazilian law, comes from a different, more-Leftist political party—having been elected Vice President by a small popular vote.

President Quadros' conduct of office was less perplexing. He met the inflationary crisis head on, bringing the situation under control through an austerity program that encountered strong opposition. In these matters he cooperated actively with the United States. He also proved most assiduous in fighting political corruption. At the same time he went to great lengths to demonstrate Brazil's independence in the world, cultivating Castro's friendship, decorating Che Guevara and seeking to revive diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. His cryptic resignation statement seems to indicate that he has aroused much opposition on this latter score.

In any case his resignation has left two highly unpalatable alternatives. If Mr. Goulart should take office as the Brazilian Constitution now provides, the chief executive would be a leader far more committed to Soviet sympathies than his predecessor and one who has just been quoted by the official press as extolling the achievements of Chinese Communism. He also opposed Quadros' fight against alleged political corruption. For these reasons he has aroused the most vehement antagonism in his own country. If as a result the army should take over in order to keep him out, that could well lead to political and economic chaos in Brazil. At this juncture it is hard to envisage a truly good way out.

End of Summer Schedule

The next issue of The Commonweal will be dated September 22. From that point on the magazine will return to its regular weekly schedule.

THE PITTSBURGH ORATORY

THE establishment of an Oratory of St. Philip Neri in Pittsburgh would, in itself, be a major event in American Catholic life. For the Pittsburgh Oratory will continue in the tradition of Cardinal Newman, whose life and works have already profoundly influenced Catholicism in the English-speaking world. The Pittsburgh Oratory is of special interest to The Commonweal, however, since one of the first members of the Oratory is a former editor, William Clancy. He will soon leave for a year's residence and theological studies at Cardinal Newman's own Oratory in Birmingham, England. Our prayers and best wishes go with him.

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Now the Neutron Bomb?

Debate is beginning on whether or not this new and ominous weapon should be added to our nuclear arsenal

by RONALD STEEL

WITH HOPES for a controlled ban on nuclear testing foundering at Geneva on the rocks of suspicion and distrust, Washington officials are now debating the merits of an awesome new atomic weapon. This weapon is known as the neutron bomb, and if perfected would be a radical innovation in the cruel art of nuclear warfare.

Unlike anything currently in the nuclear arsenal, the neutron bomb embodies a unique method of human annihilation. The present family of atomic and thermonuclear weapons cause death and destruction through a massive combination of heat and blast. The neutron bomb, however, could extinguish all life within its radius without dousing the corpses in fall-out and without damaging any property. Heat and blast could be kept to an almost negligible minimum, and death would be caused by a burst of intense radiation of neutrons liberated from the nucleus of the atom. The neutron bomb would be, as its advocates promise, a kind of giant "death ray," capable of obliterating human life without messy fall-out or property destruction.

Advocates of a resumption of nuclear testing have used the possibility that the Soviets might be working on the neutron bomb as a principal reason why the U.S. must start resuming tests. They have sought to use the neutron bomb issue to influence the decision that has been going on within Congress and the Administration on the question of nuclear testing.

For some time top secrecy and sealed lips have been the order of the day surrounding this new weapon. But within the past few months the seal has been broken, and discussion has spread to the floor of Congress, reverberating through the corridors of the Administration and the scientific community. In a burst of enthusiasm, Rep. Craig Hosmer of California has urged the U.S. to develop the neutron bomb to provide "the answer" to President Kennedy's call for "a wider choice than humiliation or all-out nuclear action" in negotiating with the Soviets on West Berlin. Mr. Hosmer, a member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, urged a "prompt resumption of nuclear testing" to develop the new weapon.

While it has not yet reached the level of debate, an earnest discussion has revolved around whether this new and ominous weapon shall be added to the nation's nuclear arsenal. From a technical standpoint, its opponents have questioned whether the neutron bomb can be built, and, if so, whether it is worth the enormous cost during a period when we are so busily engaged in trying to find out what's on the moon. Strategists even wonder how useful such a weapon might be in the case of nuclear warfare. On another level, there are those, within the Administration and the scientific community, who have raised the nagging moral question of whether the nation would be well advised to devote its energies and its human resources to yet another instrument of mass extermination. At a time when the U.S. atomic arsenal contains the explosive equivalent of ten tons of T.N.T. for every human being on this planet, a few hushed voices have asked why the neutron bomb has suddenly become a matter of urgency.

ENTHUSIASTS of this new weapon view it as a mighty addition to our defense arsenal and warn, as their clinching argument, that if we don't build it the Soviets will. In such case, they imply gravely, the balance of nuclear terror will swing against us. "It is no exaggeration to say," states Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, the neutron bomb's most vociferous public advocate, "that if the Soviets were to get it first, it might very well cost us our freedoms." Senator Dodd's argument, which he has presented on the floor of the Senate and elsewhere, is basically this: the neutron bomb is a "revolutionary advance" over the city-destroying thermonuclear (hydrogen) bomb, just as the hydrogen bomb was an advance over the

Mr. Steel, a frequent contributor, has written on international affairs for several American journals.

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Hiroshima-type atomic bomb. Therefore, he insists, if we fail to have this new weapon we will fall behind in the arms race and become a victim of Soviet nuclear blackmail.

The argument relies on several premises with questionable foundations. The first premise is that the Soviet Union is interested in the neutron bomb and is feverishly working to build one. While this is quite possible, there is no evidence to show that the Soviets do place the high priority on this bomb that its advocates imagine. Senator Dodd assumes that the Soviets are hard at work on the bomb for reasons he recently stated: "The Soviet government in its time has violated more than a thousand treaties and agreements, as documented by a Senate study on the subject. If they have violated the two-and-a-half year honor moratorium on testing—and to my mind they would not be Communists if they had not cheated on it—then they already may have beaten us to the neutron bomb." The urgency to develop the neutron bomb, then, is based in the supposition that the Soviets want it and are secretly testing it. This supposition in turn becomes the basis for a unilateral resumption of U.S. nuclear testing.

The second premise assumes that the neutron bomb would be vital strategically, as well on the battlefield. But if the purpose of the neutron bomb is to add another deterrent to Soviet attack, then it seems particularly ill-equipped for its task. By its very nature this bomb is essentially an offensive rather than a defensive weapon. The attacking nation would find such a bomb useful for occupying enemy cities after the hostile population has been taken care of. All the attacker would have to do would be to clean out the neutron-bombarded corpses and start the trains running again. Similarly, it would be a good battlefield weapon for the attacker since there would be no messy fall-out to threaten his own troops.

For the defending nation, however, it is difficult to understand how the neutron bomb represents a "revolutionary advance." If a nation is defending itself from threat of attack, its strongest card would be to assure the potential attacker that his cities would be destroyed and maximum damage would be exacted. Exactly what would a defender have to gain by throwing down the Jack of Armageddon when he has the Ace in his hand? In short, does not the hydrogen bomb, with its terrible threat of maximum destruction, represent a greater inhibition to Soviet attack than a bomb which would kill the Muscovites but leave the Kremlin intact? Since it is the declared policy of the United States never to initiate an attack, why is it a matter of such urgency that we obtain a basically offensive weapon? One suspects that the novelty of a new weapon, the urge to resume nuclear testing, and the justifiable fears engendered by the arms race, have allowed enthusiasm to get the better part of wisdom.

THE DEBATE over the neutron bomb is not new. It began just over four years ago when three leading scientists from the Livermore Radiation Laboratory in California, where the hydrogen bomb was pioneered, appeared before a secret session of a subcommittee of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee. The scientists, led by Dr. Edward Teller, stated that with further testing they could develop a small hydrogen bomb with almost no fall-out. Some members of the Congressional committee were so impressed that they arranged for the scientists to describe it to President Eisenhower. Others, however, backed up by skeptical scientists, scoffed at the idea of a "clean" H-bomb, and a few even hinted that it was being used to sabotage preliminary test-ban negotiations then going on in London. No ultimate decision was made on the neutron bomb at that time, however, and laboratory work has continued at Livermore. Until just a few months ago, discussion has faded behind the scenes, where its advocates and opponents have carried on a heated debate in private. Resembling in its outlines the bitter dispute in 1949 over the building of the hydrogen bomb, the debate on the neutron bomb has ranged scientists and political officials on both sides.

Although it is still shrouded in secrecy, enough has been revealed about the neutron bomb to know that it would be a "pure fusion" reaction, a kind of third generation in nuclear explosions. The first generation weapon, the atomic bomb, is a fission explosion, yielding tremendous heat and blast through a splitting of uranium or plutonium atoms. The second generation H-bomb is a fission-fusion explosion, generating great heat and blast, as well as deadly radioactive neutrons. The bulky hydrogen bombs require fission detonators (A-bombs) to trigger their fusion explosions. The neutron bomb, however, would be a pure fusion explosion, not requiring, like the H-bomb, a fission detonator. Since it is the fission process which produces the radioactive material of lethal fall-out, elimination of the fission trigger would produce a relatively "clean" bomb. If such a bomb were exploded at the correct level above the ground, its comparatively low-level heat and blast effects would theoretically leave property intact. However, a deadly dose of fast-traveling neutrons would be released, extinguishing all human and animal life on the ground within a relatively small area —one mile or less. Because its effects can be confined to a small target area, such advocates as Senator Dodd have termed it "an ideal battlefield weapon."

The neutron bomb weapon is still a long way from being perfected, and one of the most serious questions facing scientists is to find a method of setting off the thermonuclear reaction without the fission trigger. A temperature of several millions of degrees is necessary to ignite the fusion reaction, and so far no chemical or other non-fission detonator has ever remotely ap-

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proached this temperature. A fission detonator, of course, would turn the neutron bomb into a thermonuclear explosion with its consequent fall-out and enormous heat and blast destruction.

Yet it is theoretically possible to build the neutron bomb, and laboratory research is continuing upon it. The discussion, therefore, that pervades official Washington is not whether it can be built, but whether it should be built. Proponents argue that this new weapon can actually make thermonuclear war more humane by restricting fall-out, and that anyway we can't take a chance on letting the Soviets get it first. Opponents of the bomb, within the Administration and among scientists, argue that it would simply be one more horrible weapon in the nuclear arsenal, and despite its "revolutionary" qualities, would not in any way prevent the escalation of nuclear warfare into all-out thermonuclear destruction. Many have questioned how a weapon which would make grotesque mausoleums of the world's cities would, as Senator Dodd promises, "enormously enhance the chances of keeping the peace."

And, particularly within the scientific community, there has been wonder at the belief of the neutron bomb's proponents that this terrifying weapon will offer anything more than a short-range advantage for the United States. If there is any law of science that has proved incontrovertible it is that there are no scientific monopolies. What one nation invents today, the other has tomorrow. It may well be that at great material and moral cost the United States can perfect the neutron bomb, capable in its exquisite discrimination of destroying only human life while leaving man's material creations—his skyscrapers, his deep freezers, his transistor radios—intact. But the lesson of the hydrogen bomb, which the Soviets perfected less than one year after we did, should remind us that there are no secrets in science and no "secret weapons" for very long.

THOSE WHO favor the urgent development of the neutron bomb for battlefield use apparently believe that by bathing our battlefield enemy in deadly neutrons we will automatically win any future war. But nowhere does this view take into account the rule of survival (as well as revenge) which would force the losing side to retaliate with ever-bigger weapons in the hope of turning the balance in its favor. In this case a "clean" neutron victory would surely lead to a thermonuclear holocaust, involving the annihilation of both nations' civilian populations.

Science has its own ironies, and one of the ironies of the neutron bomb is that it can be produced from cheap and plentiful ingredients such as lithium and deuterium—unlike the scarce and expensive materials plutonium and uranium 235 needed for fission (atomic) explosions. If neutron bombs can be detonated without a fission trigger, and if these cheap component ingredients are the only ones needed, then neutron bombs, and giant hydrogen bombs detonated by them, will be cheap weapons available to all nations once the secret of their construction becomes common knowledge—an inevitability, as Sir Charles Snow and others have pointed out, in the course of scientific development.

As the controversy over the neutron bomb shakes through the corridors of official Washington, it becomes apparent that it is deeply involved in the whole question of the resumption of atomic testing. Those who favor breaking off the test-ban negotiations at Geneva and unilaterally resuming tests have used the benign specter of the neutron bomb (it only destroys people) as their rallying cry. The Soviets-will-get-it-if-we-don't approach is being used to influence both Congress and the Administration to break off the Geneva test-ban negotiations and start testing atomic weapons once again.

Its advocates have tolled the tocsin of alarm. Senator Dodd recently told the Senate: "We are in mortal peril. More than a year has passed since I first spoke on the folly of the test-ban moratorium. I mentioned the neutron bomb would operate as a kind of death ray. It would do next to no physical damage and result in no contamination, but it would immediately destroy all life in the target area. Today I doubt there is a single nuclear physicist of repute who would challenge the neutron bomb from the standpoint of feasibility. It can be built, but nothing can be done to build it until we are free to resume nuclear testing."

From these and similar appeals, it would appear that the neutron bomb is ticking away in the Livermore laboratory, just waiting for somebody to come along and test it in a big underground hole. But scientific evidence indicates that the bomb is still in the research laboratory and it will probably be years before it has reached the stage where it can be tested. Despite their appeals for an immediate resumption of nuclear testing, the neutron bomb's champions have never claimed that it is now ready for testing, although that is certainly their implication. Even *Time* magazine, which has not been opposed to resuming nuclear tests, commented: "Though there are powerful arguments for the resumption of nuclear testing, scientists and high government officials who are in the nuclear know do not list the neutron bomb among them. It is a fascinating and frightful possibility, but it is not sufficiently advanced to require explosive testing. That stage of development waits in the scientific future."

The neutron bomb is for the future, but the question of atomic testing is here today. The test ban talks at Geneva have been going badly, and pessimism hangs like a heavy shroud over Washington. The Soviet demand for a veto over the control group, and the linking of atomic testing with the larger issue of disarmament, have led to distress in the Western camp. Powerful

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voices are again being raised to say that testing must be resumed. But we should not lose sight of the fact that considerable progress has been made at Geneva and more than eighteen articles have been accepted by both sides. The Soviets have accepted the principle of on-site inspections—an historic break in their paranoid obsessions with secrecy.

The neutron bomb episode is another in the continuing assaults on the voluntary test-ban moratorium. For more than two years those who want nuclear testing—the Pentagon, a sizable section of the Atomic Energy Commission, and some Congressmen—have argued that we must test a new family of small tactical weapons that have been developed in the laboratory. Since we cannot be sure the Soviets are not secretly testing, they argue, we must assume that they are, and furthermore that the present unmonitored test ban is to their advantage.

THOSE WHO oppose a resumption of weapons testing—the State Department, many scientists, and some members of the White House staff—argue that a unilateral resumption of tests would be ill-advised and self-defeating. They seriously question whether increased stockpiles of small nuclear weapons will add to U.S. ability to deter a possible Soviet attack. Curiously, the advocates of testing assume that only the U.S., and not the Soviet Union, would have anything to gain by a resumption of testing. Such logic does not accord with the facts. While their technology is equal to ours, Soviet nuclear weapons are bulky and relatively primitive. Test resumption would give them a chance to catch up and possibly surpass us in a field in which we are now ahead. This may well be, as Walter Lippmann has suggested, the reason why the Soviets have lost enthusiasm for a test-ban treaty separated from the larger question of disarmament.

Further, the Soviets have not allowed their own forces to become directly involved in peripheral wars, and have shown little interest in small nuclear weapons. They have assumed, and probably correctly, that once nuclear weapons are used, an armed conflict would quickly escalate into a full-scale nuclear encounter. For this reason they would use the opportunity to test their giant weapons—once we had alienated world opinions by initiating test resumption. And no matter where we tested ours, they would surely test theirs in the open air—with resultant fall-out. Finally, in the eyes of the great uncommitted world we are striving so hard to influence, a withdrawal from the test-ban talks and a unilateral resumption of atomic testing would lead to bitterness, anger and violent anti-Americanism. The condemnation that such action would bring throughout the world, and even among our allies, is surely completely out of proportion to whatever short-range gains it might make in portable nuclear weapons.

Pessimism runs high and the Geneva test-ban talks are at a dangerous stage. The President has recently reaffirmed his intention to keep talking for the time being as long as there is a possibility of success. Yet pressures are mounting and if the stalemate drags on much longer it will be very hard for him to resist demands that the U.S. pick up its marbles and go home to test some bombs. In view of the Soviet loss of interest in a separate test-ban treaty, it would seem that the next step, if any progress at all is to be made, must be to take a giant step by seriously talking about disarmament.

The advocates of the neutron bomb are eager for the U.S. to call it quits at Geneva and unilaterally resume nuclear testing. They operate under the sincere, if short-sighted belief that such action will aid us though not our adversaries. It is not wisdom, however, to give the Soviet Union the opportunity to perfect its nuclear technology, and it is not prudence to turn the opinion of the uncommitted world against us for the transitory sophistication of our weapons arsenal. Those who favor the unilateral resumption of nuclear testing mistakenly believe that this is so, and despite their motives, they do not serve our nation well.

MINERVA AT CANOSSA

We praise him intelligent who speaks our silent prejudice.
Imitation can not diminish greatness.
He who knows himself shall not know insult.
A friend is one we are always about to meet.
In the overcast night, a glimpse of a star; in time, eternity.
The universe is continuously different from our planning it.
Once fooled, twice wise; twice wise, fooled.
Aware of our influence, it is time to take inventory of our mind.
A good example exemplifies holiness . . . or hypocrisy.
How often it is "for the sake of Justice!" when it is a personal account.
Who seeks recognition shall have his reward.
Our excuses prove we are all of us inventors.
Were our ideals described by our actions . . . !
Learn economy through giving as receiving counsel.
Nourish expectation, and suffer disappointment
Mercy comprehends politics.
Better thinking for better dying through charity.
Someone will always vote for a highway.
Rhetoric and action, parallelism and deeds!
Legislation—but the law of the heart!

JOHN FANDEL.

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Independence, Like It or Not

by JAMES RORTY

TWO HOURS BY plane from San Juan and within sight of Antigua's posh tourist resorts, the small island of Nevis thrusts the green volcanic cone of its somewhat eroded paradise into the warm air of the eastern Caribbean. Columbus discovered it on his second voyage in 1493. It is one of Britain's "outside children" gotten in the bush of Empire by British adventurers who drove out the Caribs, fought with the Spanish and the French for its possession, and imported slaves to work the sugar plantations whose ruined windmill towers and great houses still litter the islands. Today Nevis faces the gloomy prospect of independence.

Today the descendants of these slaves, many of them named for the planters and overseers who were their more or less acknowledged sires, rule the island with the nominal help of a British Crown Colony governor. Next year, when Nevis expects to achieve independence along with other members of the West Indian Federation, the islanders, who are at least ninety per cent black or colored, will have to dispense with even that help.

They face the prospect with no great enthusiasm. As a place to live, Nevis has practically everything: a beautiful 3,600-foot volcano which after the last earthquake in 1950, promises, according to the seismologists, to remain quiet for the next hundred years; magnificent beaches on both the leeward and windward sides of the island, most of them accessible to the public although none is as yet publicly owned; a superb all-year climate, with a mean temperature of seventy-six degrees. Just enough rain falls to nourish the luxuriant growth of tropical flowers and fruits, but rarely enough to dampen the pleasure of the tourist. There are also thermal baths, famous in the nineteenth century, and an abundance of historical relics for the curious. Alexander Hamilton's father visited the island, but left without marrying Alexander's mother, a beautiful and talented daughter of the Fawcett family, whose Great House at Gingerland is one of the few still standing and occupied. Most of the others, some sixty of them on an island of less than fifty square miles and with a population of over 14,000, lie prostrate in the thorny bush, their ruins marked by forty-foot windmill towers so solidly built out of volcanic rock that neither earthquakes nor hurricanes have tumbled them.

Nevis was a famously rich sugar island once—"the Queen of the Caribbean," writes one of its later governors turned poet. But in 1837, when the slaves were freed, many of the gentleman planters returned to England. Their agents served themselves better than they did the land or the absentee owners, and the collapse of the sugar market after World War I accelerated the economic decline of the island. The last of the wind-powered sugar mills stopped turning in 1926; now what little sugar cane Nevis still grows must be sent to the neighboring island of St. Kitts for processing. A few estates grow coconuts or cotton, and a few have been bought up by the government; the others have gone back to the bush or are cultivated primitively and inadequately by Negro tenants, not all of whom bother to pay rent to the absentee owners.

There is no future in sugar for Nevis, never a very fertile island compared to St. Kitts, which produces twelve tons of sugar to the acre, rivalling even Hawaii in the efficiency of its growing, harvesting and processing operations. There is in fact no very promising future in any cash crop that has yet been tried on Nevis, and for a sufficient reason. Some aeons ago, when the island emerged from the ocean, its volcano spewed not ash, as on fortunate St. Kitts, but rivers of mud that swept along huge boulders. As a result, tractor cultivation is almost impossible even on the few arable tracts that are not split into uneconomic fragments by the present conditions of land tenure.

NEVIS' chief hope, therefore, lies in the expansion of the tourist traffic that has boomed neighboring Antigua, which has a major airport, with planes flying directly to New York. But there too, its hopes are dimmed by geographic and political factors. Nevis has a small LIAT airport, but only chartered planes connect with the BWIA planes coming into St. Kitts from Antigua, and going north to San Juan. To get into, and especially out of Nevis, one takes the Christina, an overworked ferry which runs once a day most days and takes an hour and a quarter to make the trip from Charlestown, the capital of the island to Basseterre on St. Kitts.

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Nevis is also underprivileged and handicapped politically. It has two members on the governing council of the administrative province of St. Kitts-Nevis- Anguilla, but both are independents, regularly outvoted by the Labor Party majority when it comes to determining Nevis' share of the meager funds available for badly needed public improvements. Nevis doesn't even have a newspaper, and when Nevisians write indignantly and truthfully about the neglect and discrimination they endure at the hands of the Labor Party politicians, their complaints are rarely found fit to print, even in the letter columns of the two weeklies published in Basseterre. When they are, the writers are promptly denounced as liars by jealous St. Kitts patriots who take the practical view that the truth is what serves St. Kitts.

The truth will out, however. An increasing number of island-hopping Americans and Canadians are discovering the authentic attractions of neglected Nevis and settling there. Within the past three years a half dozen of the abandoned windmills have been converted into three-story homes that are both picturesque and practical. Pink chalets, designed to be more or less hurricane-proof, are beginning to dot the windward slope of the volcano. There the trade wind blows so constantly that mosquito-screening is scarcely necessary. Some of the older structures are built with no glass in the window openings, which are closed only by wooden shutters. By applying this formula, a quite adequate two-bedroom concrete cottage can be built on Nevis for less than $5,000. Two of the old sugar plantations have been made into tourist resorts that charge less than the de luxe tourist traps of Antigua and St. Thomas and give more for the money. An eighteen-room hotel, the biggest on the island thus far—will shortly be erected on Pinney's Beach near the Great Spring where Lord Nelson once watered his ships and only a mile or so from the church where he was married to a Nevisian widow.

BOTH THE government and the people welcome the growing influx of visitors and retired settlers, but with reservations. The government is wary of speculators and insists on certain guarantees before permitting outsiders, especially Americans, to acquire title to more than an acre or two of land. Both the government functionaries and the people are friendly, but one cannot escape the feeling that they would like you better if you were black—a preference which is not hard to understand. Nevis has been at least ninety per cent black for three centuries—ever since the pioneer planters replaced their indentured servants with Negro slaves.

At no time during this long experience have the relations of the black workers with their white masters been at all cordial. Eighteenth-century travelers describe how the white overseers flogged their expendable work animals up and down the slopes of the volcano bearing loads of dung and harvested cane. In 1810 the public square in front of Charlestown's beautiful eighteenth-century court house was the scene of a savage disciplinary flogging by which a planter named Huggins suppressed the mutiny of his slaves. Recently, when tourists bearing the same name visited the island they must soon have realized that for the descendants of these slaves—some of them also named Huggins—these floggings happened only yesterday.

After emancipation the slaves either remained in the plantation compounds, exchanging legal for economic servitude, or starved in the bush. A few prospered and eventually acquired ownership of some of the rundown estates which the nineteenth century "sugar barons" were forced to sell at auction; the richest man on the island is a Negro, and today the masters of Nevis are not white. They are the Negro and colored politicians who are elected and appointed by the Labor Party. They have all but complete authority over the white administrators of the Crown colony, which tomorrow will become independent and may or may not elect to rejoin the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Because of this altered political situation race discrimination in Nevis and its Big Brother St. Kitts is negligible, except for archaic institutions like the once all-white tennis club on St. Kitts, which this year voted to admit a few colored members. A much more important institution is the trade union, which is all-black and practically all-powerful. This year, when its wage contract with the St. Kitts sugar planters came up for renewal, the demands of the union negotiators were reinforced by wild-cat strikes against the "Iron Man"—the tractor-mounted cane-loader which is steadily displacing the Negro field workers. From Nevis one could see the smoke of the burning cane fields—as much an expected concomitant of these industrial struggles as it was during the periodic mutinies of the slave period. The only difference, say the discouraged planters, is that now the union always wins. It doesn't win much, of course, either on St. Kitts, where the average wage for field workers is around $2 a day, or on Nevis, which is rarely visited by the union organizer, and where the competition for jobs is even more intense.

OVER THE centuries, man has collaborated with nature to impoverish the Nevisian tourist paradise. The upper slopes of the volcano, once clothed with magnificent hardwoods, now supply only faggots for the charcoal burners and distillers of illicit rum. This brew is known as "Hammond's report" from the author of a celebrated government study of the traffic; it continues undiminished despite the fact that the best legal

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rum costs only $1.25 for a fifth. Persistent overgrazing has combined with deforestation to accelerate the erosion of the soil, so that the peasant cultivators are being restricted to the margins of the water courses, known as "ghauts." They live in one-room and two-room shacks built mostly of packing cases and raise chiefly subsistence crops of sweet potatoes, yams, cassava and other starchy tubers, with a few patches of cane, cotton, and castor beans, grown on acres rented from the absentee owners of abandoned sugar estates. There are perhaps a half dozen coconut plantations, and a little additional copra is harvested from the dooryard coconut palms that grow all over the island, as do bananas, mangoes, guavas, avocadoes and other tropical fruits.

A highly qualified and dedicated Colonial civil servant, formerly stationed in Nigeria, is employed on contract by the provincial ministry of agriculture. He has launched a well-conceived program of agricultural regeneration designed to improve the lot of the Negro peasants who constitute at least ninety per cent of the population. But the difficulties he faces are almost insuperable. No commercial crops can be grown effectively on the boulder-strewn two- and three-acre plots of the Nevisian tenant farmers. The latter must take their meager surpluses of bananas, papaya and sweet potatoes to market over donkey paths and abandoned estate roads that are almost never repaired. Except for a recently established plant in Charlestown which produces coconut and cottonseed oil, there is no industry on the island. There is a little primitive offshore fishing, but most of the catch goes to St. Kitts along with the surplus fruits and vegetables, although it is badly needed to supplement the protein-deficient diet of the "underprivileged classes," meaning all but a very few of the Nevisians.

THIS DEFICIENCY, in the opinion of the two hardworking emigre physicians, an Austrian and a Chinese, who serve the health needs of the 14,000 islanders with surprising success, is practically all that ails them. Smallpox and malaria have been eliminated. All the health indices are high, in fact. So too is the birth rate. But there would seem to be no cure for that, except, perhaps, if one accepts the view of the local clergy, a more general adoption of the institution of marriage. Thus far most babies continue to be born out of marriage, as under slavery. Evidently the young men make little use of the contraceptive devices that are legally on sale, although there is no official birth control program. A charming young government employee, at the age of twenty-three, found himself contributing to the support of seventeen illegitimate children, at which point the judge denied further applications from the recipients of his ardor.

In 1956 the Nevisian birthrate was 39.9 per 1,000, the death rate 13.4 per 1,000. To balance this, the young elite of the island are emigrating at the rate of over 400 a year, most of them going to Great Britain. A dozen of them boarded the boat to St. Kitts the day we left. All were strong, handsome, intelligent young people; Nevis' loss will be Britain's gain, despite the protests of London's Teddy Boys. But the inability of the island to keep and use its best human products clouds the future of the Nevisian paradise, especially after independence is achieved next year.

The young, ambitious high school graduates who constitute the bulk of the present emigration are probably right in believing that the island holds no future for them. There is already a surplus of underpaid nurses, teachers, and government employees. The Canadians and Americans who are settling on the island are glad to employ them—as domestic servants—at the going rate of around $2.40 a week. Some of these semi-retired newcomers talk of starting fabricating and processing industries on the island, but the Nevisians have heard such promises before. They say that, barring the discovery of unsuspected mineral resources on the island, not even a social revolution à la Castro —and they are not at all revolutionary-minded— would provide jobs enough for the Nevisian elite, let alone the peasants.

Political freedom is likely to prove as empty a gift as it was for their forefathers over a century ago, especially if Britain curtails the substantial subsidies which the island now enjoys. Perhaps that is why the Labor Party rallies no longer sing "The People's flag is deepest red." Popular sentiment is better expressed by the St. Kitts *Democrat,* whose editor in a recent issue asks: "Are we ready?" and answers:

"The British government is willing, even anxious to grant us independence. It really does not matter whether we are ready or not. The die is already cast, and we have no other choice than to take on all the responsibilities that go with self-government. Other peoples and nations have learnt to manage their own affairs after a period of trying and we too can do the same. . . ."

In other words, freedom is going to make things tough for the inhabitants of the Nevisian Paradise. But they'll do their best to swallow it.

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The Feeling of Failure

by JOHN C. CORT

WE WERE having lunch together at Jake Wirth's when the subject came up. I was eating the luncheon special, which was hash with red cabbage—a fine combination—and we had steins of the dark beer that has made Jake's rightly famous.

Lunch conversation at Jake's tends to be philosophical more often than at other places, particularly after a stein or two of the dark beer. At any rate my friend began to tell me that he had lately been suffering from a feeling of despondency. It seemed that life was not turning out as he had hoped. And it occurred to me then that this was the third conversation of this kind that I had had with friends of mine during the past few weeks.

About the only thing these friends had in common was that they were all in their forties. And they were all men. And it occurred to me that I had been having similar conversations with myself for several years. And it occurred to me finally that we were all suffering from the same disease, namely, the Feeling of Failure in the Forties.

There are many symptoms to the ailment, of which the physical are only the most obvious. The change in the texture of the skin on the back of the hands is more important than it might seem because a man is likely to be noticing the back of his hands more often than his face. When he does look at his face in a mirror it strikes him that the countenance that had always looked too young has suddenly begun to look too old. He finds himself doing things he never believed he could do, such as letting the hair grow long on the sides so that he can comb it over the bald spot in the middle.

He drinks more often than he used to, and sometimes more deeply than is wise. If a young woman goes out of her way to talk to him at a party he is likely to fall in love with her out of sheer gratitude, and more likely if he has had a few. One of my friends, happily married, told me that in making the rounds of Christmas parties he fell in love with three different young ladies in one week. This, I think, is a new record. And it could only happen to a man in the forties.

These love affairs might come to nothing. And then again they might come to something. It is a commonplace known to every novelist that the aging buck is the most susceptible of animals. As his strength slips away it becomes harder for him to resist the challenge of any young doe that seems to be daring him to use it. Disappointed by the lack of success in his career, he seeks compensation in victory over the female of the species.

And almost every male in the forties is disappointed by the lack of success in his career. Men whom I have envied for their bright achievements confess that their hopes have far outstripped reality. I suppose that John F. Kennedy is one man in the forties who would have to be listed as an exception to this rule. And there are others. But give them time. From their eminence they will look up to higher peaks of glory and fulfillment. If there are no higher peaks, they will invent them, creating visions of magnificence out of thin air.

IN THE THIRTIES a man can still tell himself that he has been unlucky. Give him another ten years and sheer ability is bound to triumph over circumstance. Ten years later, in the forties, the realization begins to dawn that maybe he hasn't got it, or that circumstance is so relentlessly unkind that he isn't going to make it, or a little of both. He begins to resign himself to mediocrity.

Or consider the man who takes to heart the words of the psalm: "O Lord, my heart is not proud, nor are mine eyes lifted up; neither do I strive for great things, nor for things too wonderful for me; rather have I been of humble mind and quieted my soul; as a weaned child on its mother's breast, so am I weaned of my desire."

These are words of life and health and for a time our friend takes them seriously. Or almost. He will live in a house by the side of the road and be a good father. His children will be his masterpieces. This is what is called the vicarious bit.

Maybe there are men who actually do produce masterpieces. Maybe some of my own friends are producing masterpieces. I would never know. Their kids seem like nice, normal children, no better nor worse than mine, who range from delightful to maddening and back again several times a day, and sometimes hover

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monotonously in between. I have no illusions about being a producer of masterpieces and I suspect that my friends have none either.

Another friend once told me, "When I was a boy I often fought with my brother, yelling and screaming like an animal. Later I became a Catholic and I told myself that my own children would be different because they would grow up in a really Christian atmosphere and would learn love and forbearance from the cradle on up. But my children yell and scream at each other like animals from time to time, so it would appear that the atmosphere they live in isn't really very Christian, or that the consequences of original sin are not so easily exorcised in the young."

I believe that the atmosphere in this man's home is far more Christian than the atmosphere in his father's home. I know he tries to teach his children about the primacy of love, and it may be that when they are older he will begin to see the difference. But he is right when he says that the consequences of original sin are not so easily exorcised, and who can tell if he has exorcised them? As long as the children are creatures of free will, their parents must live in fear and trembling for their salvation.

Of course what all of us are suffering from is something far more common than the Feeling of Failure in the Forties. It is the universal weakness for confusing material success with spiritual success, a condition which is aggravated and complicated by a faith deficiency and a lack of patience in the bloodstream.

The only difference is that in the forties the disillusion with the possibilities of temporal success hits a man more sharply between the eyes than at any other time of life. For perhaps the first time it really begins to come home that the likelihood of creating heaven on earth, either for one or for all, is at best a remote and distant dream.

The big question then becomes: how will he react to this disillusion? This is what makes the forties, for most men, the most critical time in life, and at the same time that period which is most typical of their human condition.

At the risk of a few platitudes (how the Devil uses platitude to disfigure the face of God!) I would suggest that our spiritual mediocrity stems from the fact that we discover that temporal effort is largely fruitless and then conclude that spiritual effort is equally doomed to failure.

WE WOULD not conclude this if we could keep sharply defined in our minds the distinction between what is temporal (or material) and what is spiritual, or if we could always judge clearly their comparative value, their comparative length, breadth, depth and richness, in time and in eternity.

This is easy to say, but it is also necessary to admit that the line between the temporal and the spiritual is often invisible to the naked eye. But when the eye is clothed with the garments of the Gospel, then the lines that divide one from the other begin to appear and grow gradually in sharpness.

Many years ago, at a moment that was near the bottom, an old priest from Luxembourg said to me, "Do your best, and God will do the rest." It was a somewhat corny platitude. It even rhymed, like a jingle out of Edgar Guest. But looking back on it now, I would say that that corny jingle contained within it the quintessence of wisdom, both human and divine. It has nourished me through the years, and I can think of no better medicine for those who suffer from this depression of the forties.

A similar thought, put with more distinction, appears in Psalm 83: "Blessed is the man whose help is from Thee; who in his heart determined to go up through the valley of tears to the goal he hath proposed. For He Who giveth the command, will also give the blessing; and they advance with rising strength, until on Sion they behold the God of gods."

DIRGE FOR A NEW MEXICAN PRELATE

Now, now, in my body and cries
I will command, or beg them, so:
that for no pride and no fear's sake
they would paint him as if he lives
and will get up again to work.

It is a love's beggary, this
crying at their Georgian doors:
let his body be, and be flesh,
without a mockery of rouge,
and powder for an evil shame.

Let him lie dead and his gold bones
rest. And his flesh sunder and say
to terror and unloving lies
how he died in his need's desire,
soon; like the bright and virgin bee

used up for his honey riches,
shattered on the wing. Dare any
trick his love to hide his broken eyes,
plump out his fallen cheeks with wax,
or redden his wounded shy lips?

Princes' kisses honor his face,
more kind than their coral and rose.
Let him sleep naked in the earth,
in the roots of the red mountains,
and the precious clays lie close and wait.

SUZANNE GROSS.

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THE STAGE

IMPROVISATONS

I VISITED again, latterly, the English Miss Shelagh Delaney's "A Taste of Honey," holding the stage with uncommon tenacity in this dropsical season, and drawing still, in the languid humors of August, an audience generous, spirited, alert, markedly youthful. Repeat: youthful—that quality is palpable at the Booth, rustling with contagious zest about the whole event, conferring on it a somewhat gratuitous charm and animation. It must compensate for a production which has coarsened in texture and lost its quicksilver modulations, smudged its singularities. The stylized bitchery of Miss Angela Lansbury—a brilliant exhibition, the exhilarating proficiency of which was insufficiently honored—has been superseded, not always happily, by the matey vulgarities of Miss Hermione Baddeley, who gives us the cruel husks of life, but no perspective within which to receive them. And Miss Frances Cuka, playing with sturdy intensity one of those ferocious innocents for which Miss Julie Harris set the mold, wants that shy and luminous envelope of vulnerability in which her predecessor, Miss Joan Plowright, moved.

The celebrity of "A Taste of Honey" has more to do with the personal drama of Miss Shelagh Delaney than we would care to admit: inescapable, her place in theatrical legend as "its nineteen-year-old author." Miss Delaney seems to me here, for all their radical dissimilarities of world and tone, in much the same posture as Mlle. Françoise Sagan—the early (sic) Sagan, as it were, of *Bonjour Tristesse*. The climate of pathos, sexual love as consolation, the ambiguous pleasures of melancholy, adult venality: these compose the expressive burden of both young women, orchestrated to the cool and *désinvolté* nerviness of jazz rhythms. As Mlle. Sagan commands without effort the beveled limpidity of classic French prose, so does Miss Delaney the raciness and spirit of the colloquial English tradition. Each is armored by youthful egotism and a kind of insolent certitude against the exactions of either a conventional or a disastrous morality. (A writer of nineteen who—without complacent audacity, titillation or a self-congratulating realism—can briskly tick off one of her characters as "a semi-whore" is formidable indeed.) Finally, over the pages of both these young artists lies the shadow of defective aesthetic sentiment peculiar to their disparate national imaginations: an easy cynicism in the instance of Mlle. Sagan; indiscriminate romanticism and tenderness in that of Miss Delaney.

The hazard of "A Taste of Honey," as well as its charm, rests in the work's fundamental improvisation: its insouciant air of arriving, and never having intended other, precisely nowhere. I am aware of electing to quarrel with Miss Delaney on this score: she would insist upon such ready openness to the moment—in character, detail and life—as the drama's very substance and salvation, *now*. But the sum of "A Taste of Honey"—the sterling worth of its parts aside—is only to confirm the Aristotelian truism that the poet most often achieves mastery in portraiture before conquering the more subtly arduous task of fashioning a design for action.

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

SHAME AND GUILT

ONCE AGAIN films from abroad prove the most provocative—not necessarily the best, but the most daring and original. A new batch illustrates the point well, even the two in the group that are based on American novels. Although a British production, "The Mark" is actually an international film, most of which was photographed in Ireland with English director Guy Green doing a fine job at handling a cast from various countries.

What is most remarkable about this Raymond Stross-Sidney Buchman production is its intelligent and tasteful treatment of a very delicate subject. The script, well written by Buchman and Stanley Mann from a novel by Charles Israel, centers on a man fresh out of prison where he served a three-year sentence for molesting a little girl. Actually, as we learn later, he did not assault the girl when he took her riding in his car, but his intentions were clouded; and, after returning her safely and giving himself up to the police, he refused to defend himself at the trial. Some of this is told in skillfully manipulated flashbacks in the psychiatrist's office or when sights and sounds in the present stir the man's remembrance of things past; but the film is chiefly concerned with the man's adjustment to life and his efforts to rehabilitate himself.

Guy Green, known here for his direction of "The Angry Silence," is responsible for another outstanding asset in favor of "The Mark." His direction of the three leads, who have not been particularly good in movies recently, is amazing. All three turn in fine performances which certainly rank with their best. Stuart Whitman plays the ex-convict with a strength and perceptive sensitivity he has never displayed before; and he successfully conveys the man's determination and uncertainty about the future—especially the latter in a series of heart-breaking scenes when a newspaper man (Donald Houston) rakes up the ex-convict's past and almost wrecks his new-found security

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and health. As a widowed mother of a young daughter, who befriends Whitman and then falls in love with him, Maria Schell has dropped most of her tiresome mannerisms to portray a woman ready for love and marriage again and anxious to be kind to a man who needs her understanding and respect.

Equally effective is Rod Steiger in the difficult psychiatrist role. He also discards the acting tricks he usually uses; furthermore, he successfully avoids the clichés of filmdom's conventional head healers in guiding Whitman both in prison and out and in helping him understand his past so that he can meet the future. Also outstanding in the large supporting cast are Donald Wolfit as Whitman's conscientious employer who knows his story and hopes to be helpful, Brenda De Banzie as Whitman's interested landlady who fails him at the crucial moment, and Maurice Denham as her henpecked husband. "The Mark" is obviously not a movie for everyone; but thoughtful adults will find it absorbing for its stirring story, its warmth and concern for a fellow man, its mature handling of a theme that never becomes sensational, and its all-around good film making.

My only real row with "The Mark" is in connection with the bedroom scene when Whitman and Schell spend the weekend in the country. He has already wondered if he is in love or just trying to prove himself; and the frank sexual sequence is used to show that he is a normal, healthy male very much in love I'm getting a little tired of this offhand treatment of sex without any thought to morality but supposedly proving a point. It was unsound enough in "Tea and Sympathy," and now too many movies, both American and foreign, are thoughtlessly using sex scenes to prove a point that isn't proven at all.

SEX IS treated pretty casually in "Purple Noon," but this French film is meant to be a study in calculated evil; and as such it is eminently successful. Brilliantly directed by René Clement, who wrote the script with Paul Gegauff from Patricia's Highsmith's *The Amazing Mr. Ripley,* it tells the story of two pleasure-seeking, irresponsible young men. Phil (Maurice Ronet) is a self-centered, sadistic, wealthy playboy. Tom (Alain Delon), hired by Phil's rich father to bring the wandering son back to America, is a penniless but clever nobody overcome with envy of Phil's possessions: his money, his beautiful sailboat, his elaborate wardrobe, his pretty mistress (Marie Laforet). When his desire gets beyond control, Tom ruthlessly murders Phil, assumes his identity, commits a second murder when a suspicious friend comes snooping, and then hopes to settle down to a life of luxury with Phil's girl. Although director Clement lets his grim film run too long, much of it is fascinating—especially the contrasts employed by Clement in telling

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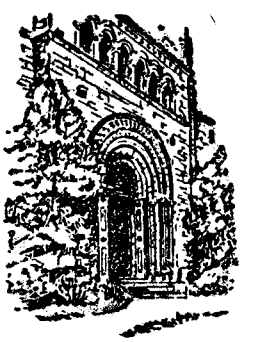

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his diabolic tale: the three extraordinarily handsome people involved in all this wickedness; Henri Decae's incredibly lovely color photography of an isle off Naples, Rome and other beautiful places where these foul deeds take place in the sparkling sunshine, gloomy night and purple noon. Clement's film isn't exactly edifying, but in its perverse way, its bright, multi-colored coating is a warning to the viewer of the rotten core underneath.

FROM ITALY comes "Girl with a Suitcase," which was handsomely photographed in black and white in northern Italy, mostly Parma, and was well directed by Valerio Zurlini. Unfortunately, the script, written by Zurlini and four other writers, couldn't decide whether it was focusing on the loose young woman who hopefully drifts from man to man and whose only possessions are in the suitcase she carries from place to place, or whether it was more interested in the boy who thinks he's in love with her when he becomes her knight-errant after she's ditched by his older brother.

The picture's two principal roles are exceedingly well played by Claudia Cardinale as the restless, amoral girl-woman who foolishly believes every man's promise as she chases false dreams but is genuinely touched by the gentlemanly attentions and adoration of the sixteen-year-old boy; and by Jacques Perrin, who plays this boy with a fresh, naive charm that changes but by no means becomes jaded during the course of his bitter-sweet romantic pursuit of the woman. With considerable editing of its excessive length and without the script's shifting point of view, "Girl with the Suitcase" could have been an interesting boy-into-manhood movie instead of just another experiment in film making. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

BOOKS

Dispassionate View of a Most Passionate War

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR. By Hugh Thomas. Harper. $8.50.

By RICHARD GILMAN

DURING the battle for Madrid in 1936 Louis Delaprée, the correspondent for the Paris *Soir,* wrote in his diary: "Oh, old Europe, always so occupied with your little games and your grave intrigues, God grant that all this blood does not choke you." He was killed a few days later in a plane crash, and so was spared the sight of the new blood that was to flow continuously in Spain until it gave way to an immeasurably greater outpouring when the world's wound was enlarged.

Yet for all its immensity World War II continues to seem to some of us a lesser event than the Spanish Civil War. "A most passionate war," Hugh Thomas, author of its first full-length history outside Spain and its first non-partisan one anywhere, says of it: a war small enough to be comprehensible, yet one so intensely charged with emotion, circumscribing the most bitter conflict of values so that it appeared just and even holy both to its participants and to most outsiders, that it could not be supplanted in the imagination by anything that came after.

Whoever cared about the Spanish war when it was fought is unlikely to have stopped caring or to have come to care in a changed way. Time has quieted the emotions but has also frozen them, so that what we felt then revives each time in its original shape and urgency, and we find it hard to make amendments. We are mostly partisan still, with everything that that condition does to diminish us and hold us prisoners to history, which would, we may believe, wish us rather to transcend her divisions and utter the pardon she herself cannot speak.

Hugh Thomas is more aloof and disinterested than most of us can be, partly because he was just five when the rebellion began, being only thirty now. He has written its history almost as that of an ancient war in which the fierceness and intransigence are heartbreakingly remote; and he sees it in a perspective of inexorability and fatefulness that does much to weaken the obsession—perhaps most prominent now among supporters of the Republic, who after all have little more than this to assuage the pain of loss—with themes of outraged innocence and absolute evil.

And yet it is the adherents of the Nationalist cause who will be most unhappy with this book. For despite his original uncommittedness and convincing desire to be fair (he has inevitably been accused of relying too heavily on extreme right-wing sources) something like a judgment emerges from Thomas's seven hundred pages, and it is not flattering to the victors.

That judgment is never explicit, but arises rather from the cumulative impressions and opinions of a man examining without prejudice the sullen, protean and resistant facts of an impassioned event. And what it amounts to is that, for all the war's inevitability and for all the crimes and degradations that must be laid at the Republicans' feet, the sympathy shown them by the outside world at the time (in England public opinion polls gave an average of 72% for the Republic, 9% for Franco) was essentially deserved.

The uprising came after five years of mounting violence and anarchy. "The Second Spanish Republic failed," Thomas says, "because it was from the start not accepted by powerful forces politically both to the Right and to the Left." The polarization that resulted had by the summer of 1936 become incurable:

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on one side the Army, the Church, the Falange, the Monarchists, and the vast majority of the upper and middle classes; on the other the bulk of the peasants and workers, most intellectuals and of course all the left-of-center political activists from mild socialists to the small but noisy Communist Party.

Upon the outbreak of hostilities, "sovereign power ceased to exist and, in its absence, individuals . . . acted without restraint, as if they were outside society and history. Within a month nearly a hundred thousand people perished arbitrarily . . . Bishops would be torn to pieces and churches profaned. Educated Christians would spend their evenings murdering illiterate peasants and professional men of sensitivity. The vast majority of these crimes were the work, on both sides, of men convinced that what they were doing was not only right, but noble."

But as Spain hardened into opposing halves the spontaneous violence yielded to a pattern of terror and repression that was organized, professional and abstract. This was true of both sides, but it was truer of the Nationalists; similarly, it was they who proved at the same time less sincere and less flexible in their aims, more irreconcilable and less forgiving than the Republicans, except for the latter's late, Communist-dominated stage, and not always even then.

Like most civil wars, this one, for all its complex alignments, was, fundamentally, a class conflict, and that was what the Nationalists, with their mystique of a hieratic, Catholic and instinctual Spain (the motto of the Spanish Foreign Legion, a key Nationalist force, was "Down with Intelligence. Long Live Death!"), were essentially unwilling to admit. They of course made much of the Communist threat, but a remark of Franco to Faupel, the German ambassador, partly gives the show away. The Nationalists, he said, "would rather die than place Spain in the hands of a Red or a *democratic* government."

Of course many did fight honorably in defense of religion. But there was also a dismaying ferocity exhibited in that defence, as well as a readiness to let religious imperatives go by the board in the interest of political or military advantage. Basque priests serving as chaplains with the Republic were executed as arbitrarily as anyone else, and German warplanes bombed churches and convents just as indiscriminately as they bombed the hospitals and schools.

A curious theology sometimes prevailed. The chief almoner of Nationalist Spain's prisons, Father Martin Torrent, is quoted as saying that the condemned man is happy, "for he is the only one who knows when he must die. He has thus the best chance of putting his soul in order." (Yet many executions were deliberately carried out only minutes after the death sentence had been read to the prisoners.) And finally there are the facts that the Vicar-General of Barcelona refused to allow his priests to say Mass when it became permissible, and that *Mit Brennender Sorge*, Pius XI's denunciation of Nazism, was not allowed to be published or read in Nationalist territory.

The ironies stemming from German and Italian aid to Franco were indeed profound. Mussolini wanted glory for his pitiful troops with their pompous generals and badgered Franco unmercifully to let them win it; Hitler wanted to try out new military methods and material (Goering admitted at Nuremberg that Guernica was bombed as an experiment in civilian reaction). Neither wanted the war to end quickly, for labyrinthine reasons of *realpolitik*.

On the Republican side there was also much terror and persecution. But in part because the Republic was never unified as was Nationalist Spain, constituting instead a number of disparate and almost autonomous states, no systematic ideology with a centrally directed repressive apparatus was ever fully imposed. Without in any way minimizing the horror of the acts, Thomas makes the point that much of the killing of priests and the church-burning had its motivation in an immense and anguished hatred of a religious establishment that was felt to have betrayed the common people, and was, however terrible, at least spontaneous.

That the Communists came to dominate the Republic is the most familiar aspect of its history. Their ruthless suppression of their left-wing rivals is one of Thomas's major subjects, along with the question of Russian involvement. Stalin was playing much the same game as the Axis, wanting the Republic neither to win nor to lose, using Spain as a wheel in his larger maneuvers. The disillusionment with the Republican cause that resulted from the discovery of Russia's role is one of the era's central political tragedies.

Yet, as Thomas suggests, the Republican leaders until near the end were both desirous and capable of cutting off from the Russians had they been able to obtain arms and equipment elsewhere. The whole sorry story of non-intervention, the hypocrisy of the British, the vacillation of the French and the pusillanimity of all those democratic governments whose people overwhelmingly supported the Republic (some 3,000 Americans volunteered to fight for her, not one for the Nationalists), makes up a painful sub-plot.

And that is the book. A recital of suffering, betrayal, cruelty, the most atrocious forcing of values into inhuman absolutes, the most murderous intransigence: the tortured face of our time resurrected and unsparingly thrust upon us. But also a recital of courage, pity and noble visions, on both sides, a tragic drama instructing us in the extremities of our passions and their fateful consequences and in the truth that history, as Auden wrote, may say alas but cannot help or pardon, for that is our work.

A few years ago I stood on a hillside overlooking Toledo. It was evening and the sky was beginning to become El Greco's. Down below rose the bulk of the Alcazar, where a Nationalist force had held out under incredible suffering and with great courage. I was overcome with love and sorrow for Spain and there came to me a memory of a speech by Manuel Azaña, the Republic's wartime president. I could only re-

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call its tenor then, but Thomas's book ends with some of its words:

". . . if . . . the Spanish temper is once more infuriated with intolerance, hatred and destruction, let them think of the dead and listen to their lesson: the lesson of those who have bravely fallen in battle . . . and who now, protected by their maternal soil, feel no hate or rancour, and who send us, with the sparkling of their light, tranquil and remote as that of a star, the message of the eternal Fatherland which says to all its sons: Peace, Pity and Pardon."

The Restoration of Imagination

VIEWS OF A NEARSIGHTED CANNONEER. By Seymour Krim. Foreword by Norman Mailer. Excelsior Press. $1.45.

By JOHN P. SISK

HERE, WITH a foreword by the old Advertiser himself, is what at first glance might appear to be Krim's advertisements for Krim. And in a way it is—for after all how many books by mid-twentieth century Americans are not in one sense or another advertisements for their authors? Basically, however, it is quite different from Mailer's grab-bag, and is besides shorter, humbler and, in its judgments on the passing scene, more perceptive.

Views of a Nearsighted Cannoneer, to speak only of its make-up, is a collection of essays, autobiographical pieces and prose poems, some of them written for this volume, some reprinted from *Swank, Exodus* and *The Village Voice,* and some extracted from the back of the second drawer of the author's desk.

"Their stabs of truth," Krim says in a prefatory note, which I take to be an honest and not falsely modest statement, "are at times slanted in subtle or obvious part by personal frustration, defensiveness—by the fanatical ego-hunger of the man I then was." Slanted though they may be, they are with few exceptions worth collecting.

Let me first dispose of what I consider to be of secondary importance here: a short note on jazz which I am not competent to judge; an account of the author's adventures in and reactions to Harlem; an essay on suicide that takes its stand with Schopenhauer in order to dissect brilliantly the American inability to come to terms with the basic facts of life, and a closely related essay on the desperate perfectionism of the American cult of genius; a dialogue between a straight man and a homosexual in which both speakers take predictable stands; an explanation of the dissatisfaction with the forms of traditional fiction that some younger writers have been expressing; the beginning of what appears to be an autobiographical novel; and an essay on sports writing and the national attitude towards sports which is the best thing of its kind that I have seen.

The prose poems are lyrically tense attacks on the passion for being top dog at any price ("Making It") and commercialized eroticism ("The Magical Underwear Party") —proper enough targets for any cannoneer but needing to be fired at with cooler deliberation for best effect. Perhaps the second one should have cooled off longer in the desk drawer—not so much because it is strong meat but because it is the lashback of a state of mind too exacerbated, too compelled by the Manichean assumptions of what it attacks.

All of these pieces are qualified and given an extra dimension of interest by two long confessional essays, the introductory "What's This Cat's Story?" and "The Insanity Bit." In terms of the events upon which they are grounded they are in great part the familiar descent into experience of the American writer; in terms of the meanings wrung from these events they are original and moving and they speak (God knows!) for a great many of us.

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The first is a superb account of Krim's intellectual and spiritual agonies as he tried to come up to the "killing standards of the super-intellectual community" while wanting "desperately to return to the blast-furnace of open creativity." One result, as recounted in "The Insanity Bit," was that after "shuddering down the tunnels of introspection and cosmic thought" he ended up a bonafide psychotic, a victim of his own overreaching in a society where there is little "rational connection between what people actually are and what they are permitted to show."

A more important result for writer Krim was his discovery that "the overthrow of perfectionist ambitions is the most freeing thing that can happen to a writer for it unlatches him to write what he believes in without strain and with humming conviction." As in Wordsworth's *Prelude,* the theme is the restoration of imagination, the freeing of the "protesting mind" from the prison of abstract ideas.

The very nature of such a collection would lead one to expect defects. It is often repetitious; the prose is occasionally marred by jazziness and outmoded beat talk or clogged with hyphenated expressions and lengthy parenthetical remarks; the grim intensity of some of the pieces needs relief and variety. But the important thing is that when Krim is going good, which is very often, he writes just as well as Mailer says he does. I wish him well in his return to the "blast-furnace," but I would hate to see him disappear entirely from the critical scene.

Genial Bloodcurdler

OLD HOUSE OF FEAR. By Russell Kirk. Fleet Publishing Co. $3.95.

By MARTIN TUCKER

A FIERY conservative when it comes to politics, Russell Kirk is turning into a genial teller of bloodcurdling tales. Though he is no novice in mystery and ghost stories, his first novel shows unmistakable signs of beginner's luck as well as beginner's awkwardness and gangling parts. The book is amusing, breezy and highly insignificant.

Kirk's story centers on Carnglass, one of those romantically misty islands in the Hebrides, and its dark, gloomy house run by old Lady MacAskival, who prefers medieval comforts to modern inconveniences. Duncan MacAskival, the retiring owner of a Michigan iron works, wants to spend his remaining years in Carnglass, his ancestral home, but his efforts to communicate with Lady MacAskival, his distant relative, prove fruitless. Duncan hires

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Hugh Logan (Army veteran, bright lawyer, quick wit, and baby-faced lover) as his agent, and sends him off to Scotland. From Glasgow on, Logan is accompanied very closely by trouble.

Logan has to fight off Scottish thugs with his cane, dodge bullets from a fear-crazed man, convince a convict not to kill him, deal with a pretty girl who visits his bedroom at three in the morning, and prevent a revolutionary from blowing up Carnglass right into the twilight ages. He never does meet Lady MacAskivall, who sleeps through all the shenanigans, but he does succeed in his mission of getting Carnglass sold to Duncan. Logan also gets the girl, a pretty lass with the mind of a heroine and the methods of a deviationist.

Kirk's book is not entirely a departure from his political watchdogging. The villain, a Marxist intellectual, is planning to gain control of Carnglass, presumably as a base of Communist operations. Kirk draws his Marxist agent in a caricature light (he has three eyes, and can see through the hole in the back of his head). He represents no real danger, which is probably Kirk's intention, for this old-fashioned, melodramatic *devil-ex-machina* will raise no tempers to the boiling point, though he may, at his most successful, make some hairs stand on end.

Kirk's Scottish island is certainly worth a skim. Taken in large doses with tonic and hammock, it should cool heads and induce a relaxed atmosphere. And it's a welcome excursion from Kirk's home office in America where he takes his role of villain-finder without the saving grace of humor that does much to save this book.

REVIEWERS

Richard Gilman has contributed criticism and verse to *Horizon*, *Poetry*, the *Chicago Review* and *Jubilee*.

John P. Sisk, a regular contributor, is a member of the faculty of Gonzaga University in Spokane.

Martin Tucker, a member of the faculty of Long Island University, is a frequent reviewer in these pages.

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- **What is the moral and medical view on the use of the rhythm method?**

HOW?

- **How was baptism celebrated in the early church?**
- **How does the papacy fight communism?**
- **How does the Medical Bureau at Lourdes function?**
- **How are the seven deadly sins related to original sin?**
- **How are Ecumenical Councils effective in combating heresy?**
- **How did mass stipends originate?**
- **How was the Crucifixion an act of worship?**
- **How did the Low Mass come into being?**
- **How was the Trinity revealed in the Old Testament?**

WHY?

- **Why does the Church have a list of forbidden books?**
- **Why is Papal primacy essential for Christian unity?**
- **Why was the temptation of Christ necessary?**
- **Why do Catholics believe the Church is infallible?**
- **Why is mortification evidence of love?**
- **Why does the priest kiss the altar at Mass?**
- **Why is free will essential to human beings?**

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